

AUGUST 1979

FORD TIMES



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*Compare this estimate to the estimated mpg of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and distance. The actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy. †Based on EPA Volume Index.

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The Ford Owner's Magazine

FORD TIMES

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Cover: The view is as breathtaking as the ride when you are in a sailplane over the Teton Range. Richard J. Bolton describes the view and the ride beginning on page 24. Photo courtesy of Red Baron Soaring Company, Driggs, Idaho.

Don't Try to Push Maine Chefs Around

by John Gould

illustrations by Robert Boston

IN RECENT YEARS, a good many folks from away have moved into Maine for purposes of senility, dotage, and other forms of planned obsolescence. Most of these prove out all right, and some few are fairly smart to begin with. But we also get two kinds we don't exactly know how to handle — those who wait all of two weeks to run for the school board, to improve our cultural advantages, and those who find fault with our food.

Our schools have come to need all the help they can get, but down-Maine provender will probably survive this uplifting effort and remain wholesome, tasty, nutritious, and interesting. There seems to be something about these self-appointed redemptionists that goes for the High Cuisine and French cooking, and they suggest that Freddie's Eatery (tables for ladies) is gauche because Freddie doesn't offer escargots Burgundy with a chilled *vin du pays*. Freddie puts out the best ham and eggs over with home fries a hungry chopper ever stuck a tooth in, but that doesn't count.

Buddy Russell of Kennebago, in Maine's Rangeley region, won the ti-

tle of World's Champion Outdoor Cook in open competition and retains it against all comers. Years ago he served a Flatiron Pond eastern brook trout to a visiting lady who was editor of a food magazine published in France. This trout was exactly one foot long, was barely out of the water, was cooked over hardwood coals in salt-pork fat. It was tenderly turned and it came off the fire onto the plate in Buddy's most able perfection. This dame eyes the one thing in all the world that can do battle with a hot, seaside, boiled Maine lobster, and she says, "But, M'sieu, you 'ave not make zee sauce!" (She pronounced sauce so it rhymed with dose.)

"No," says Buddy. "Zee soss is for zee Franch Cookery."

Nobody in Maine in his right mind would ever slap sauce on a brook trout, and the secret of French Cookery is to take some improbable unlikeness and slather it with enough sauces so that somebody will eat it. Any chef with enough Béchamel can get into the *Guide Michelin*. I've had carrots in Paris that were well sauced but undercooked. Here in Maine we



boil the hell out of them and they aren't all that bad. For those who come to Maine and disfavor our traditional nourishment, we have almost a saga of Duncan Hines jokes.

Duncan Hines, one arbiter of fine fare, hasn't done so well in Maine. Back when Buddy Russell was running the big dining room at the Kennebago Lake Club, he opened for spring fishing and had quite a guest-count of hardy trout-hunters who just about had to push through the ice to cast a line. They came into the lounge in the evening and called loudly for some drink, and they had Buddy stepping around behind the bar in good shape. Ray Douglas, the chef, came in from the kitchen to say, "Buddy, the H. J. Heinz shipment didn't come on the truck — I don't have a pickle in the place!"

Buddy told him he'd have to make do — you don't just step out to a corner store when you're deep in the Maine wilderness — and kept on shaking cocktails. And then a gentleman steps up to the bar, thrusts out a hearty hand, and says, "Good evening, Mr. Russell — I'm the man from Duncan Hines."

Buddy says, "Well, good for you! Where's my pickles?"

One of our newcomers lately lamented that he couldn't find a decent restaurant within 60 miles of his Downeast mansion. I'm sure he could be directed if he'd care to listen, but he'd find that the delights are sometimes esoteric, and in this connection I'd mention Lawson Aldrich's bean-

pot. I'm sure any advocate of French fare will stare in disdain at a lowly beanpot. Lawson owns The Cheechako, one of Maine's best restaurants, in Damariscotta on the Damariscotta River, and besides offering à la carte he stages magnificent buffets for the party trade. For a wedding breakfast or an anniversary supper he loads the tables with cakes and dainties in profusion, in high style, and in delectable manner.

But just as the guests approach the goodies with many an oh and many an ah, Lawson strides in from the kitchen under his chef's bonnet, bearing aloft a crusty and veteran stoneware beanpot that has been making ready for two days in the back of the oven. This uncouth intrusion is placed conspicuously alongside the lobster salad, etc., and Lawson says it is always empty when he picks up. Lawson holds that to keep the Maine clientele happy, you should give it baked beans now and then, and he knows enough about cooking to realize that his beanpot will win no prizes along the Seine.

What Lawson knows, and his self-selected critics do not, is that the Maine baked bean is as French as anything can be. It's a fact written history will substantiate. When Le Sieur de Monts brought his colonists to America in 1602, they settled on an island in the St. Croix River. They observed the Indians making clambakes on little circles of hot rocks and adapted the idea to the beanhole. A hole in the ground was lined with stones, a fire kindled and residual heat

would bake a pot of beans.

These French settlers became great bean eaters, and cultivated dry beans in their gardens on St. Croix Island. Their records show that in 1604 a vessel came in from the open sea needing supplies, and they were able to provide three hogsheads of dry beans. These colonists called baked beans *les fèves*, and in French Canada baked beans are still *les fèves* today.

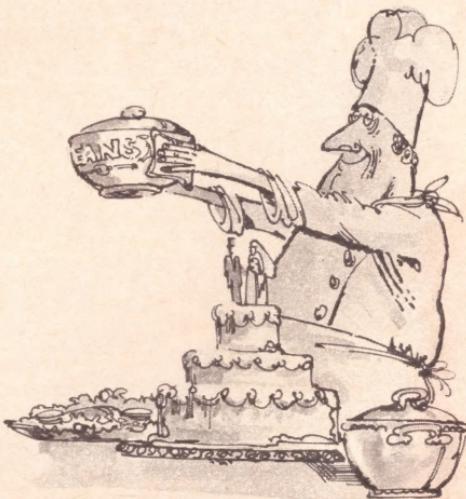
Later, baked beans became staple on Maine farms, on Maine vessels and in the Maine woods — lumbering was done on snow and on beanhole beans, and in the Maine woods lexicon baked beans are *logging berries*. So what's new with the High Cuisine?

Another good Maine item always considered rough and ready by the more sensitive palates is johnnycake. Down in Rhode Island there persists a misbelief that johnnycake must be made from the waterground meal of white corn, and that it is so named because it was to be carried as a lunch on stagecoach trips — *journey-cake*. Fiddlesticks. The French at St. Croix got yellow cornmeal from the Micmacs and made *jaune-gateau* — yellowcake. Later, when johnnycake went to sea and became a nourishing hotbread in the lumber camps, the Yankees called it yellow-jack — jack being Downeast for a batter. Gingerbread was blackjack; griddlecakes were flapjack. The key word in johnnycake is *jaune*, and that's French.

There was once a handy little eating place in Greenville Junction. The

food was all right, but it wouldn't please the gourmet. What the place did have was a name — it had a big sign across the front that said, SOME PLACE ELSE. How often do we start for a supper out, and one of us says, "All right — tonight, let's go some place else!" So Mainers bemused by the whimsy came, and for some years the SOME PLACE ELSE prospered. Then it changed hands. Somebody bent on improving the food took over, and also improved the name. The sign came down, and up went another which says Hunter's Retreat, or Sportsman's Cafe, or something — I forget, but I know it is no longer some place else. How can one explain such nuances to people from away?

To get back to Duncan Hines — there was another little "some place else" at Oquossoc that caught many a customer with the sign, THE PLACE





DUNCAN HINES MISSED. They put out good-enough victuals in the Maine way, too — the Maine way, I think, being rather much like Hiram Webber's celebrated clam cakes.

Hiram became famous in his own way for his clam cakes, and one day a lady said, "Mr. Webber, they tell me you make a simply scrumptious clam cake — would you give me the recipe?"

Hiram said, "Well, they's mostly clams."

"Mercy!" she said. "What else goes with them?"

Hiram said, "Well, most people take bicarbonate of sody."

Now that's some old good down-Maine eating of the finest kind, and if you can find any you better stop whimpering and dig in.

To round out the Duncan Hines vs. State o' Maine tilt, these folks who want to shift us over to the Cordon Bleu faith should take to heart the tale of Billy Hill and his oyster stew. Billy had a fish-house restaurant on Mount Desert Island, and on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays he served oyster stew. It was delectable, and everybody wondered what beautiful secret Billy wafted into his oyster stew. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays Billy did a big business. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays Billy served a clam chowder. It was a clam chowder, all right, but it wasn't stupendous, so on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays Billy catered only to those who *had* to eat. He didn't open on Sundays, and this rou-

tine was as the laws of Moses and changed not.

So one day Billy was behind the counter and the screen door opened and in came a dapper man in a neat brown suit, and he looked about hesitantly before approaching a stool at the counter. "Good mawnin'" boomed Billy in rousing welcome, "Whacannadooferyuh?"

"I'd like an oyster stew," said the little man.

"Clam chowder today," said Billy.

"I don't want a clam chowder, I want an oyster stew."

"Wrong day — could-a had one yestiddy, can have one tomorrow. Do you want a clam chowder?"

The man had to lay his cards on the table. "All right, Mr. Hill," he said. "My name is Duncan Hines, and I publish a guide to good eating. I've heard that you make the finest oyster stew in America, and I'd like to try it. If it's as good as they say, I'll put you in my book and you'll get a lot more business. Now, you can make me an oyster stew if you want to."

"Look, Mister," says Billy (and when a Mainer says *mister* he means it), "Today is clam chowder day, and it don't make no damn's odds who you be, you get clam chowder."

At which Duncan Hines left in a huff, slamming the screen door, and that was that. But when Billy was telling about it, somebody asked, "What did you do then, Billy?"

Billy said, "I went right over to the cash register, and I rung up NO SALE." □

It's an Electronic Age— In Your Car

by Cara L. Kazanowski

THE ELECTRONIC AGE is here, as evidenced by the widespread use of videotape recorders, home computers and credit card-sized calculators.

These are just a few of the hundreds of home, office and technical products made possible by such developments as large scale integrated (LSI) circuits, hybrid circuits, microcomputers and other semi-conductors — and by their lowered cost per function which makes mass production and high-volume applications possible.

"The same electronics breakthroughs are revolutionizing your automobiles too, and nowhere more than at Ford Motor Company," said E. R. Karrer, Ford Motor Company vice president and general manager, Electrical and Electronics Division.

"Through thousands of hours of research, development and testing, our employees have adapted this electronic technology so it can function in

the 'hostile' environment of a vehicle," Mr. Karrer said.

"As a result," he continued, "electronics in your automobile's instrumentation, convenience options, entertainment systems and engines are enabling these parts to be smaller, lighter in weight and more reliable. What's more, they're performing functions unheard of only a few years ago in your car — allowing you to program radio stations and controlling engine operation and warning when certain fluids need replenishing."

Using the latest in electronics technology, the 1979 Mustang combines two new electronics products in one option: a car-silhouette display with warning indicators (graphic warning display module) and a time-dateelapsed time digital display clock.

When the situation warrants, individual red light-emitting diodes (LEDS) light up on the car-silhouette

display to alert the driver to rear-running lamp failure, low-beam headlamp failure, failed brake lamp, low windshield-washer fluid or low fuel. There's also a test switch to verify that all LEDs are functioning properly.

The other main component of this Mustang console is an all-new electronic digital clock that on command registers the time, date or elapsed time of your trip. It also is available as an option on the Ford LTD.

A host of other electronics options are included in the 1979 Ford LTD. For instance, the LTD has optional interval windshield wipers that can be adjusted for virtually any degree of precipitation, saving wear and tear on the driver as well as the wiper blades. First introduced in the industry by

Ford Motor Company on the 1965 Mercury, interval wipers now are available on all of Ford's domestic cars and light trucks. The newest generation interval wipers, easily set by rotating a knob at the end of a steering-column lever, will pause from two to 12 seconds between wipes.

Running out of windshield washer fluid is an annoyance of the past with the LTD's new optional windshield washer fluid level indicator. The device uses a simple magnetic switch and a light in the instrument cluster to show motorists when about one-fourth of the reservoir (enough for about 10 two-second squirts) of washer fluid remains, a warning to add fluid.

The 1979 Ford, as well as the Mustang and Fairmont, carries yet another



electronics innovation, the redesigned optional Fingertip Speed Control. This second-generation speed control system is smaller and lighter than the previous system, pioneered by Ford Motor Company on 1969 models. A prime feature of this new system is the "resume" function, which reestablishes car speed to a previously set speed after braking.

With the illuminated entry system, optional on the Ford LTD, merely lifting the door handle illuminates the keyhole for quick, easy nighttime key insertion and switches on the inside lights for added safety. What's more, car interior lights go off automatically after 25 seconds or with the ignition on.

In 1979, Ford added two new entertainment systems that use electronics, bringing to 12 the number of factory-installed entertainment products, a far cry from the days when the AM in-dash radio with one speaker was the only choice.

New on the LTD is a fully electronic AM/FM stereo-search radio with eight-track tape player, in which your preferred station choices (five AM, five FM) are stored in the radio's memory bank and selected by sensitive-touch buttons. The radio's scan feature auditions each listenable station in eight-second samples until you make a choice by pushing a button.

An industry first, the Premium Sound System improves the bass and produces a better-quality sound without distortion through the use of high-compliance power-cone rear speakers

and a high-energy electronic amplifier. This option is available with the Ford LTD electronic radio and with all AM/FM stereo radios and AM/FM stereo radios with tape players on LTD, Fairmont, Mustang and Club Wagon.

As emissions and fuel-economy standards are tightened in the next few years, practically all automotive engines will have some type of electronic control.

Standard on the optional 5.8-liter (351-CID) V-8 engine on the Ford LTD in California, Ford's EEC-II (Electronic Engine Control) is helping meet that state's stringent emissions standards yet it is also maximizing fuel economy. For example, the LTD with the 5.8 engine and standard Select-Shift automatic transmission has a California rating of 14* miles per gallon. EEC-II not only is capable of performing more functions, but it also is less complex and lighter than EEC-I.

EEC-II accomplishes all its tasks by recognizing each and every driving mode (first, second, drive, reverse) in which the vehicle is operating and by making all necessary adjustments to the key engine functions of spark advance, exhaust gas recirculation and air/fuel mixture.

"It is indeed an electronic age we live in, and nowhere more than in today's Ford cars and trucks," Mr. Karrer said. □

*Compare this mileage estimate with the estimated mpg of other cars. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, weather and distance.

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU CAN FIND A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING BUT GLOVES

Houseboating on the California Delta — Delta Country Houseboats rents everything from luxury cruisers to practical pontoons for touring the intricate waterways of the Sacramento River Delta. Boaters can roam through 110 square miles of delta from Antioch to Sacramento. The cost, ranging from \$245 for a three-day off-season midweek cruise to \$725 for a seven-day cruise on a 50-foot luxury houseboat, includes a one-hour orientation on how to operate the boat. For more information, write Delta Country Houseboats, P.O. Box 246, Walnut Grove, California 95690.

Land of the Talking Trees — You can push buttons and hear the "Guide Trees" talk (audio equipment is cleverly concealed) in North Carolina's new educational forest, Tuttle State Forest. It's fun — and informative — for both children and adults. The small forest, in the foothills between Morganton and Lenoir, also has hiking trails, picnicking grounds, and primitive camping facilities. Hours, weather permitting, are from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays and 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday (summertime closing, 8 p.m.). Free admission. For more information, call 704-758-5645.

A Country Art Campus — The Albatross Gallery in Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, specializes in interesting message-type art, satire about people and their experiences. Audrey Preissler, resident artist and gallery manager, presides over two three-story galleries (each with 4,000 square feet of filled exhibition space), a summer kitchen-cafe and an artist-studio workshop at 1492 Washington Street (zip code 25425).

Kids Tour in Georgia — The Georgia Tourist Division offers a free brochure telling about the state's "10 hot spots for kids." It features attractions such as Okefenokee Swamp, Stone Mountain Park, the Atlanta Zoo and Plains, the home of President Jimmy Carter. It also includes a listing and locator map of Georgia radio and television stations. For a copy, write Kids Tour, Georgia Department of Industry and Trade, P.O. Box 1776, Atlanta, Georgia 30301.

"Avoiding Travel Rip-Offs" — Dr. Harold Gluck, dean of the American Academy of Criminology and a member of the International Police Association, is the author of this new 24-page guide covering resorts, hotels and motels, charter trips and cruises, overbooking, car trips, handling rip-off artists, personal security, and health and political precautions. It is available for \$2.50 per copy, postpaid, from Pilot Books, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016. □

Big Noise on the Mississippi

by Harvey J. Berman



illustrations by Robert Boston

EVEN BEFORE the stately sternwheeler churns into view, from five miles downriver — more, when the wind is right — people know "she's a-comin' round the bend."

First there's the tinny toot-toot of her whistle. Then, in the grand and glorious tradition of river queens of the past, her steam calliope breathes smoke and floods the levee with marvelous tweets and woofs.

The newest showboat to join the

long and illustrious beauties to ply the muddy waters of the Mississippi River during the past century, the *Mississippi Queen* is in her third full year. A loving and faithful replica of a vanished breed, she's a floating achievement in her own right.

In constructing one of the nation's most popular new vacation attractions, her owners, the Delta Queen Steamboat Company, have resurrected the past. Passengers strolling her breeze-blown decks can easily imagine Mark Twain in the wheelhouse, peering first at his charts and then at the tricky eddies and currents below him. Mustachioed gamblers shuffle and reshuffle their cards in the salons below. And dapper gentlemen and grand belles in their hoop skirts haunt her decks.

For many, however, the *Mississippi Queen*'s crowning glory and most memorable feature is her "steam pianna," a musical mechanical marvel ranking with the finest and fanciest ever to float on a river.

With 44 finely tuned notes, the calliope — dubbed "Big Momma" by many passengers — is the world's largest. Its handcrafted whistles range in size from 2 inches in length and 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter to an unprecedented 22 inches long and 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide. Designed to "last forever," the brass whistles are plated with a thick and costly coating of 14-carat gold. Other parts of the calliope are made of high-tempered stainless steel.

Aside from its bulk, "Big Momma" is also the world's loudest

calliope. At a distance of one foot, its sound is an overpowering 120 decibels, making even the controversial Concorde jet aircraft a pussycat by comparison. And on the river, "Big Momma" has been heard up to 10 miles away, though its usual range is a still-awesome five miles plus.

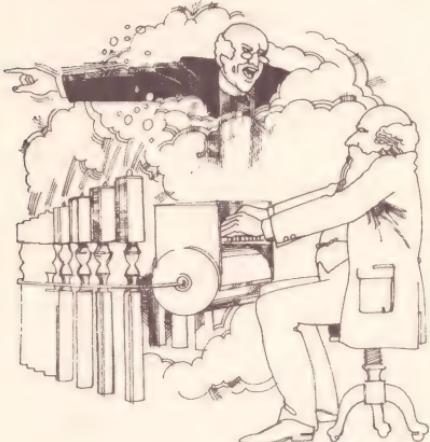
Cruising up and down the river, the calliope is constantly steamed up, tooting *Dixie*, *De Camptown Races* and a host of other favorites from the gracious era of the antebellum South. But what really intrigues passengers is that "Big Momma" appears to play itself. No calliopist is seated at its whistles — and for good reason.

The early calliopes that rode the Mississippi and other American rivers were a catastrophe for the calliopist. Riverboat "steam pianna" maestros were often scalded by the steam. Blistered fingers from pressing the hot brass keys were an occupational hazard.

The *Mississippi Queen*'s calliope represents a marked departure. Much of its \$35,000 cost went for a first-of-its-kind electronic outlay that enables the calliopist to record the keyboard signals on a digital tape cassette and then play them back over the calliope. The phantom digital system makes it possible to belt out a tune from three widely separated areas of the vessel — the pilothouse, the purser's office and a console within a respectful distance of the belching whistles.

"Big Momma's" size and versatility notwithstanding, what makes its owners proudest is the fact that the

calliope is heir to one of the river's most charming and colorful traditions. The tooting "steam pianna" has titillated toe-tapping travelers for more than a century, not only on the Mississippi, but on other inland wa-



terways of America.

Oddly enough, the calliope's inventor, Joshua Stoddard of Vermont, never meant his creation for fun and frivolity. Unveiled in 1855, his device was designed as a serious church instrument and a replacement for the bells summoning worshippers to prayer.

Churchmen, though, had other ideas. Most found the hubbub emanating from Stoddard's invention a bit less than heavenly. One Brooklyn church actually did experiment with it. But only briefly. The first time it was played, it scalded the calliopist and several parishioners.

Describing the instrument as a

"messenger from the fires of hell," the minister ordered it removed from the church forthwith.

Happily for American riverboating tradition and the countless thousands of travelers who've thrilled to the trill of the calliope, Stoddard found another use for his creation. On a bright spring day in 1856, he installed his "steam pianna" on a tugboat. Sailing around Manhattan Island, he stopped at jetties and wharfs to serenade anyone who'd listen. Luckily, one enthralled listener, who just happened to be on a dock when Stoddard's calliope went by, was "Commodore" Ernest Slocum, owner of the excursion steamer *Union*.

Desperately searching for a new gimmick to bolster his faltering weekend river cruise trade, Slocum immediately recognized it in the "steam pianna." Events were to prove him right. Within weeks after "Slocum's Soother" was installed on his vessel, he was so heavily booked that passengers had to make reservations months in advance.

Soon afterward, the sidewheeler *Glen Cove* — carrying passengers between Long Island and Manhattan — got a calliope. In less than a year, her traffic doubled.

However, the owners of the *Armenia*, which plied the Hudson River, were not quite satisfied with Stoddard's first calliopes. Seems they were too quiet. "What we want is a 'boomer,'" they wrote to Stoddard. "We're interested in a calliope that will overpower every other sound on

the river and be heard long before we heave into view."

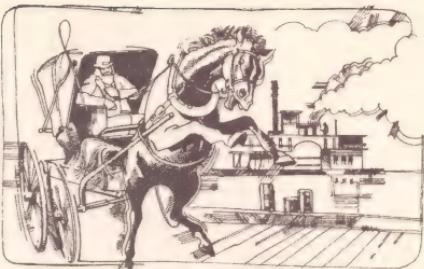
It was back to the drawing board for the inventor. Tinkering with his original eight-chime instrument, he finally developed an advanced model featuring 34 whistles.

The *Armenia*'s owners were delighted. But not New York's city fathers. Citing the fact that the *Armenia*'s "contraption assails human ears, causes infants to cry and wet, sets dogs to baying and drives horses to a frenzy," on two separate occasions they tried to force the *Armenia* — or at least her calliope — off the river.

While their attempts failed, the "steam pianna" itself did the job for them. The instrument eventually had to be toned down and modified because it sapped the *Armenia*'s power and kept her from sailing under full steam.

It wasn't too long afterward that the calliope appeared on the Mississippi, where it was to become a bright and colorful part of Americana. But its debut was abortive.

The operators of the riverboat *Excelsior*, sailing the upper river between St. Louis and St. Paul, had heard of the "steam pianna's" success back East. So they ordered one for their vessel. The calliope lasted for just one trip. Returning to his dock, the *Excelsior*'s skipper packed his gear, wrote a tart letter of resignation and stalked down the gangplank, vowing never to return "unless and until that steam devil, which gives me such fierce headaches, is removed."



Just before the Civil War, the calliope came into its own. More than a dozen vessels on the Mississippi, Ohio and Missouri all vied with each other to make the most noise as they visited ports along the rivers. Naturally, the crowds ashore loved it.

The Civil War, however, silenced the calliope for nearly two decades. River traffic was totally disrupted by the conflict. The majestic showboats were either laid up or destroyed by the opposing armies. Early in the fighting, the Confederate Army seized the *Floating Palace* — the queen of the Mississippi at the time — in New Orleans. Converting the vessel into a hospital ship, the Confederates melted down the calliope to make shot and shell.

It wasn't until 1877, on the riverboat *New Sensation*, that the calliope got up a new head of steam. And it was a grand chapter in American riverboating until the paddlewheelers themselves fell prey to time and became maritime dinosaurs.

Today, aboard *Mississippi Queen* and her older sister *Delta Queen*, Stoddard's "steam pianna" has made a triumphal third return. □

How to Survive a Long Trip With Kids

(At least it's worth a try!)

by Leland C. May

illustrations by Linda Boston



DURING LONG auto trips — or even during short ones — children understandably can become fidgety sitting in the car. After having survived some cantankerous auto trips, my family now turns many seemingly tedious trips into fun — with a roadmap.

To give you an example, let's assume your family is driving through

Nebraska, armed with a Nebraska roadmap. When you and the children begin dividing the more than 600 cities, towns, villages, counties, rivers and so forth into categories, the trip can turn into an exciting, sometimes educational adventure.

Let's start with an elementary example. Who are Allen, Alma, Arnold,

Arthur, Beatrice and Carroll? Sure, they're people's names, but they also are place names on the Nebraska map.

Not only can the children list all the first names on the map, but they can alphabetize them, too.

The Nebraska map also has its share of presidents' names: Adams, the second and the sixth presidents; Grant, the 18th; Jackson, the seventh; Johnson, the 17th and the 36th; Lincoln, the 16th; Monroe, the fifth; Polk, the 11th, and Taylor, the 12th.

Not only does the map supply presidents, but it has its share of other famous personages: Boone, the early American explorer; Cody, as in Wild Bill; Byron and Coleridge, the Romantic poets; Columbus, the discoverer of America; Dickens, the great English Victorian novelist; Franklin, the inventor and statesman; Edison, the inventor; Emerson, the American transcendentalist; Kramer, the tennis player; Homer, the author of the classic *The Iliad*, and Paul, the New Testament missionary.

Even though Nebraska is smack in the middle of the United States, names with a foreign flavor are also found in the state: Peru, Lebanon, Cairo, Geneva, Genoa and Verona.

Nebraska also has a number of cities that can be found in other states. You don't have to go to Georgia to visit Atlanta or Macon; you can do it in the south central part of Nebraska. Nor do you have to travel to Texas to visit Waco or Arlington. Usually when you hear of "Newark,"



you think of the thriving metropolitan area of Newark, New Jersey (population more than 500,000), but Nebraska also has its Newark (population near 30). Other cities that Nebraska shares with other states include Lexington, Memphis, Mason City, Greeley, Ames, Aurora, Cushing, Butte, Seneca, Decatur and Harrisburg.

Because Arbor Day was originated by a Nebraska man, J. Sterling Morton, the state was once called the "Tree Planter's State."

So it's not surprising you should find a category for trees on the map, with Cedar Bluffs, Cedar Rapids, Cherry, Linwood, Long Pine, Oak and Walnut as well as plain old Orchard and Crab Orchard reflecting Morton's contribution and the state's early emphasis on forestry.

Nebraska also has animal, bird and insect names: Bassett, Holstein, Angus, Beaver City, Beaver Crossing, Buffalo, Elkhorn, Eagle, Redbird and Bee. Even a Biblical influence can be found on the map, with such names as Antioch, David City, Berea and Crete.



Nebraska also uses the names of colleges, and not just ordinary ones but rather prestigious institutions. For

example, there are Auburn, Harvard and Oxford. Almost any kind of water can be found on a Nebraska map: Big Springs, Blue Springs, Broadwater, Clearwater, Sweetwater and even Weeping Water.

There are many other categories to discover on the Nebraska map: health, Heartwell; flowers, Rose; astrology, Star and Venus; holidays, Valentine; colors, Red Cloud, Brownsville and Greenwood.

So, on your next vacation, let the children get at the maps. As the people in Wyo, Nebraska, would say, "Wyo study a roadmap of your choice and have some fun while you are doing it?" □

COLLECTORS' ITEM

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What to Do About Gentle Dobe



A Dog-Sitters' Cooperative Clearinghouse is a fine idea, the author concludes, for other people, and other dogs

by Mary Zimmer

illustrations by Susan Chapman

DAWDLING OVER a late breakfast one morning, I was dreaming of new and wonderful vacations, absentmindedly stroking Gentle Dobe the while and wondering for the umpteenth time what to do with her during those golden three weeks. Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred: Why not organize a Dog-Sitters' Cooperative Clearinghouse?

Members could exchange names, dog names and phone numbers; try keeping each other's dogs for an hour, a day, a weekend. Then, when vacation time rolled around — voilà! — ready-made dog-sitters!

How much better for the dogs than a kennel, which, from their point of view, could only be like jail: confinement, strange food, isolation. Instead,

they would be romping with old playmates in familiar surroundings. (I grew misty-eyed at the very thought.) And how much cheaper! (I dried my eyes and grinned.)

There was a nudge from Dobe, and my elation faded. Was that a look of apprehension in her eyes? No use kidding myself: Dobe wasn't going to like this arrangement as well as she liked going along with us. "How do dogs know?" I thought. And might have added, "Can they read minds?"

Every year, from the moment the first suitcase is brought down from the attic, Dobe knows that something different is in the offing. Hour after hour, day after day, her anxiety is compounded as the vacation packing proceeds. For her there is no surcease until the moment she leaps into the back seat of the car and snuggles down among the extra sweaters with a long, shuddering sigh of relief, secure at last in the knowledge that she is not going to be left behind.

Gentle Dobe is about 85 pounds of muscle and power encased in short glossy black and brown fur — every inch a proud Doberman pinscher. But she belies her breed's reputation for fierceness. To a stranger she doubtless looks formidable enough, though any casual observer, if he dared get close enough, would notice that she is missing several teeth — a congenital condition. And she puts up a good bark. Beyond that I'm not sure. She's never bitten anyone, and even her snaps lack conviction.

This sweet disposition is doubtless

the result of a puppyhood spent as the pampered darling of a sorority house. If one coed was too busy to cuddle and spoil her, there was always another to take up the slack. Then, when our daughter graduated from college and went off to the big city to seek her fortune, we found ourselves saddled with a grown-up Doberman with permanently warped notions of her own importance.

We know it won't go on forever, that our custody is only temporary. But meanwhile Dobe has captured our hearts and governed our lives — including our vacations. Whither we go, there also goes Gentle Dobe — which, so far, has been in the direction of Mrs. Carlson's Cozy Cottages, Mrs. C. being a tolerant soul who does not require her four-legged guests to be kept on leash. At her modest resort our chicken-hearted Dobe can splash into the lake as far as her courage permits, which is all the way up to her knees, and crash through the woods in pursuit of squirrels and chipmunks. (There is no record of her ever having caught anything.)

But after all, there is, or should be, a limit to how much a pet should dominate its owners. And a Dog-Sitters' Cooperative Clearinghouse would be a magnificent solution to a vexing, recurring and universal problem. That was my firm conviction until I began to imagine an interview with a prospective co-op dog-sitter.

Naturally, some people would politely bow out, and others would slam down the phone, on hearing the word

Doberman. But doubtless there would be at least one dog owner as desperate as we were, who would listen dubiously while I explained that Dobe wasn't called "Gentle" for nothing, that she had never been in a dog fight, and that on meeting a canine stranger she tucks in her rear end, in lieu of tail, and heads for home and security. If I could talk fast enough we might get to the point of an interview.

Like as not the prospect — call her Mrs. Smith — would be the owner of an aging poodle that would sit decorously on its own pillow in a corner throughout the interview. Mrs. Smith's eyes would widen at the sight of Dobe.

"My, she *is* large, isn't she?"

"Well, actually, she's a little small for a Doberman."

"Gentle — what a lovely name!" And then Mrs. Smith, with frozen smile and trembling knees, would bravely stand her ground as Gentle, hearing her name, came toward her.

Alas, Dobe has two kinds of greeting. One is to lay her beautiful head gently against a person's thigh, casting down her eyes in an attitude of utmost humility. It never fails to win over doubters. But if she senses that here, indeed, is a wonderful new friend who will really be kind, she promptly presents her rump, gazing back imploring at the new acquaintance. As the owner of a lap dog, Mrs. Smith couldn't possibly understand why a Doberman should do this; it's simply Dobe's way of begging to have her back scratched. And it's such a

long way back for her to reach.

Rescued from this disconcerting salutation, Mrs. Smith would go on gamely: "And what does Gentle like to eat — kibble?"

"Well, yes, mixed with table scraps . . ."

There would be a scarcely audible gasp and my voice would falter as I realized that in Mrs. Smith's mind it would take table scraps of boarding-house proportions to fill the chinks in those cavernous ribs. Nor would it be just the tactful moment to mention that I usually cook a little something extra for Dobe. There would be a silence, and then a hesitant query:

"And where does Gentle sleep? Does she have her own blanket?"

I would look around Mrs. Smith's livingroom, discover the sofa —





which, like as not, would be upholstered in baby blue velvet — and I wouldn't have the heart to tell her that if Gentle can't persuade a member of the family to share a bed with her, she stretches out full length on our battered 72-inch davenport. Maybe Mrs. Smith would have an old couch in the basement? But Dobe doesn't like basements; she wants to be with the family. I would have to let that question pass while I braced myself for the next one. Mrs. Smith's tone would be arch and apologetic, but her apprehension would be ill-concealed:

"Is she, uh, paper-trained?"

"Oh, yes, she's housebroken, of course!" I could answer heartily and truthfully. But then a disturbing thought would occur: housebroken, yes, but *yardbroken*? And this a dog the size of a small calf? How could I explain all this to Mrs. Smith? And how could I explain a few other things:

That this great big hunk of dog is terrified of thunder and somebody has to sit with her and hold her trembling body close until the fearsome noise is over, and if it happens at night, nobody gets much sleep until the storm has passed . . .

That sometimes she suddenly points her nose at the sky (or ceiling) and emits long, mournful howls that would chill the marrow of the Hound of the Baskervilles. If we listen carefully we may hear the distant siren of a police car or an ambulance in a hurry. More often we suspect that the

siren is only in that doggy mind . . .

That, left alone in the house, she will tear to shreds the nearest and dearest garments of her nearest and dearest family member. Woe to the owner of a new cashmere sweater carelessly left hanging on a chair! Is this comfort-seeking or revenge? I incline toward the latter, judging from the sulky tilt of Dobe's head when she realizes that she is actually going to be left alone. The only solution is to slyly put out a worthless old shoe or shirt where she will find it. But how could I explain to Mrs. Smith about bait shoes and bait shirts?

I would look at Gentle Dobe and know the answer: No way.

A Dog-Sitters' Cooperative Clearinghouse is a magnificent idea — for other people, and other dogs. I hereby offer it gratis to anybody who can use it. As for us, we're stuck with an overgrown canine baby, and a spoiled one, at that. There is only one consolation, and Robert Frost said it best: "We love the things we love for what they are."

I turned my attention back to Dobe, who was still regarding me anxiously from the kitchen floor.

"Well, old girl," I said, "you win again, at least for this year."

She eased herself up then, slowly and casually, stretching her long back legs elaborately, then her long front legs, and laid her sleek head on my knee. Under my caress she closed her eyes blissfully, and her lips twitched ever so slightly.

Was it a smile? □

A color photograph of a sailplane, registration N99954, flying in a clear blue sky. The aircraft is shown from a side-on perspective, angled upwards towards the top right. The background features the majestic Teton mountain range under a bright sun.

IF YOU are turned on by the sight of an eagle, lazy in flight, climbing on currents without having to flap his wings, you will like soaring.

And if you are excited by the view of the earth dropping off below as you take off in a commercial airliner, you will be thrilled by a ride in a sailplane at the Teton Peaks Airport in Driggs, Idaho.

Your sailplane pilot at the small airport will assure you there's nothing to worry about.

Soaring High Over the Tetons

story and photo by Richard J. Bolton

But if you're on board when the sailplane takes off behind the tow of a single-engine airplane, you'll wonder, as the mountains approach, just how high you must fly to stay above the Tetons.

For visitors to Grand Teton and Yellowstone national parks, the answer to that question is "more than 13,770 feet," the point where the Grand Teton stops rising.

At a vantage point that high, the sailplane rider has ample space to regard nature's rugged mysteries—and to keep an eye out for a landing place in the valleys.

That's the pilot's prime thought, too. He's careful to keep the sailplane high enough above the mountains to guide it smoothly back to an airport landing. Fred Reed, a licensed FAA commercial sailplane pilot for the Red Baron Soaring Company in Driggs, says a sailplane flight is as safe as flying in a commercial airliner.

Soaring in an engineless sailplane



has been popular in Europe for years, but it's just beginning to catch on in America.

Since he began offering sailplane rides to the public two years ago, Fred has been busy showing adventurers an eagle's-eye view of the Tetons.

He has found the best sailplane weather in Idaho's Teton Valley just west of the Teton Range, where he can pilot the sailplane above mountain peaks on three types of air currents: thermals, ridge lift and mountain waves. Although the best sailplane weather is in summertime, Fred and his fellow pilots give rides throughout the year.

When you reach 10,000 feet, Fred pushes the button to release the tow line, which drops away. Your sailplane has to do it alone now. Fastened into your front seat, you become the eyes of the huge soaring bird.

You stop worrying about a landing place as the pilot takes command. He points out a hiking trail among the massive mountain canyons below.

The plexiglas bubble that surrounds you lets the sky in, and if you breathe deeply, you lose the giddy feeling in your stomach. It's a snug fit inside the cockpit, where the sky opens up on three sides, and where, if you lean forward, it opens up beneath your feet.

It's quiet up there, but the wind creeps into the cockpit through an open air vent, whispering like a car window that hasn't been shut tight.

The sailplane circles up on its wide wings. The pilot tests a thermal from

the valley, and you feel the wind tug you toward a cloud.

When the lift dissipates, the sailplane cruises deeper into the mountains. The Grand Teton is just ahead, a solid spire that waits, daring you to approach.

The sailplane glides past the Grand, and for a moment you're glad the big bird doesn't make a sound. It won't disturb the mountain.

You glimpse the green and blue of its forests and lakes, and you realize that the mountain returns the gaze of its admirers.

The bird finds a mountain wave, and it climbs in another circle, cruising west past the Grand toward Idaho.

The sailplane cruises between the mountain sides as pilot Fred eases it back toward Teton Valley.

"We're in a sink, so let's head out over the valley and look for some thermals," Fred says. "Maybe we can get lift from that big white cloud ahead of us."

The air vent catches a breeze and offers a soft whistle as you soar away from the space between the clouds and the Tetons.

Fred steers the sailplane into another thermal lift, and after playing for some time among the valley wind currents, he eases the sailplane into its landing pattern.

The big bird dips its beak on the approach to the airport. For an instant you drop into the sky, but the bird quickly levels off for a long, straight landing, and settles like a feather onto solid ground. □

Letters Letters

Letters

Buffalos DO Range in the Valley of Virginia

I just finished my January *Ford Times*, including the "Valley of Virginia" article. Having been born and raised in Covington, just a stone's throw from Lexington, it was like a letter from home. Toward the end of the article the author says "The buffalo are long gone." Not so. Up at Harrisonburg there is a herd of buffalo which can sometimes be seen from Interstate 81.

Joyce McElveen

Sumter, South Carolina

Editor's note: John Lang, Staunton, Virginia, submitted a similar letter.

Duffys Love Fords

We call ourselves the Duffy Ford family. Why? Eleven of us — from Gram Duffy to her five grandchildren who all live within a 15-mile radius around Lancaster, Massachusetts — own 14 Fords. They range from a 1938 Ford "Woodie" station wagon to a 1976 Ford Country Squire wagon.

Barbara Duffy

Lancaster, Massachusetts

Pintos Can Hold A Lot — Even a Bass Fiddle!

I carted my teenager's bass fiddle around for years with hatred. Now to

our delight the full-sized bass fits in the back of our 1978 Pinto three-door Runabout. You'll never know how wonderful it is to shut all the doors and windows to go somewhere with that instrument. We were wet and cold for years but thanks to our Pinto we now travel in comfort.

Mrs. Myra Hobler

North Tonawanda, New York

A Model T Golf Cart

While a guest at the Ocean Reef Club in Key Largo, Florida, last spring, I noticed that many of the residents are engaged in a friendly rivalry that involves dressing their golf carts up to look like old cars. There are Marmons, Duesenbergs, Rolls-Royces and, as you can see, Model T Fords.

Forrest P. McPherson

Minneapolis, Minnesota



The Glories of the Storm

More than the earth is cleansed by a summer rain

by Nancy M. Peterson

illustrations by William Boisvenue

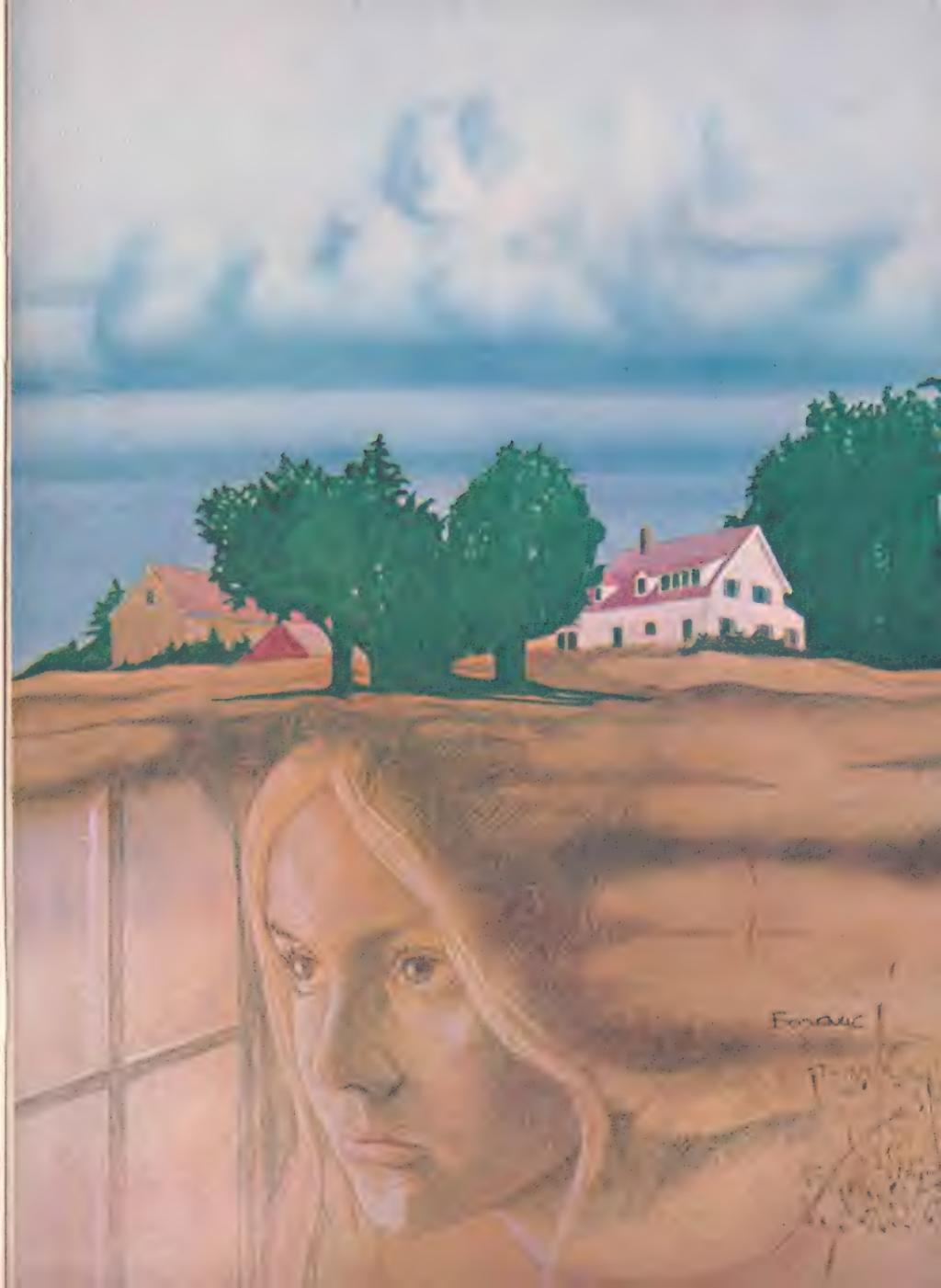
IT BEGINS when a feeling of stillness creeps into my consciousness. Absorbed as I am in the worry and irritation of daily activities, it is some time before I realize that everything in nature has suddenly gone quiet. Birds do not chirp. Leaves do not rustle. Insects do not sing.

Air that has been hot all day is still hot, but it becomes heavy. It hangs over the trees. It presses the heads of the flowers to the ground. It sits on my shoulders. Perspiration beads on the back of my hand, and with a vague feeling of uneasiness I move to the window.

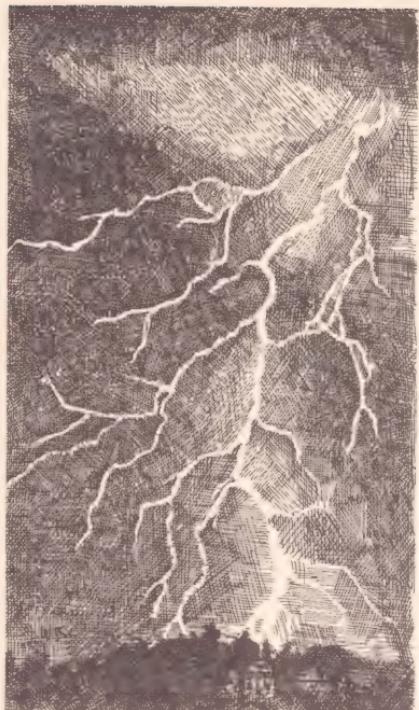
There, in the west, lies the answer.

Cloud has piled on cloud to form a ridge of mammoth thunderheads. Their shining white towers give the plains a rim of ersatz summits that belie the height of the true mountains. Peaks that seemed a few moments ago to be giants are reduced to dwarfs beneath the billowing clouds that rear against blue sky in massive, fanciful configurations.

But their piercing whiteness is of brief duration. Soon the marshmallow rims flatten to anvil tops and the clouds reveal their darker nature. They impose themselves before the late afternoon sun, and the day darkens early. Then a gust of wind whips



François



the dust along the road, chill warning of what is to come.

In the house a door shuts with a bang. Curtains billow into the room. I rush to close the windows, empty the clothesline, secure the patio furnishings, feeling rather intimidated by the overwhelming threat of the storm.

As if to emphasize the threat, thunder begins to grumble in the distance. Like a dog it growls and snarls, promising just punishment to any who ignore its warning. Then it lies back and waits, inviting a challenge to its power.

The first drops of rain are huge. They splat into the dust and imprint the windows with individual signatures. They plink on the vent pipe and plunk on the patio roof. Leaves shudder under their weight before rebounding, and the sidewalk wears a coat of shiny spots.

But it is not long before the rhythm accelerates. Plink follows plunk, faster and faster, until the sound is a roll of drums, and the individual drops become an army marching over fields and rooftops.

Now the first bolt of lightning stabs the earth. It is heaven's exclamation point. The storm is here! And while it is, I will be able to concentrate on nothing else.

In spite of myself, I jump at the following crack of thunder. No longer a lurker in the distance, it rattles the windowpane and sends the real dog scratching to get under the bed. The next bolt is even closer. It raises the hair on the back of my neck, and I take an involuntary step back from the window. I remind myself I should not be at the window — for safety's sake — but with the sky etched in instant and everchanging abstracts, I cannot resist the show.

The rain now becomes a torrent, flung capriciously by a rising wind. Together they batter the trees and lay the grasses. Water streams off roofs and out of rains spouts. It pounds against the window in such a steady wash that I am sightless. There is only water. How can so much fall so fast? How could the clouds have supported

this vast weight? How can the earth endure beneath it?

Pacing through the house from window to window, I am moved to openmouthed wonder. Look how the lilac bends under the assault. How the fronds of the day lilies are flattened. How the willow rises from a small lake. How the hillside steps are a new-made waterfall. How water fills the street from curb to curb, rushing downhill to join confluent waters from the crossroads.

Throughout the barrage my ear has been tuned for the thud of hail, and, sure enough, a few stones now thump upon the roof. They bounce white against the grass and splash into the puddles. I think of the vegetable garden, the fruit trees, the crops in the fields; again there is a feeling of vulnerability. But, thankfully, they are not enough in numbers or size to do real damage. Not this time.

For this storm is already beginning to pass. The tension is released from the atmosphere. The curtains of rain let in more light, and the thunder slams a final heavenly door. The storm has spent most of its energy, and what is left will be expended on the countryside to the east.

I am drawn outside while the rain still falls. Even in the shelter of a roof I am soon wet with the mist of spattered drops, but it is a cool and welcome feeling. I breathe deeply and watch the sun's rays streak through breaking clouds. One ray catches the drops that form on the edge of the roof, and I am treated to a row of

tiny, quivering spectrums of color — my private row of rainbows.

In a few more minutes I can pick my way through the wet grass, my feet sinking into the saturated soil, to assess the damage. The creek in the gully runs bank-full of brown water, but the small lakes and puddles are already disappearing into the earth.



The garden looks surprisingly unbroken. The trees have lost only a few leaves; the grass is already springing back. Every leaf, brick, shingle and blade of grass is fresh-washed and shining. The air was never cleaner or sweeter.

Like the land, I am renewed. My spirit is cleansed. I feel an infinite peace. For a time I have forgotten who and what I am. The worries and irritations I was nurturing are gone. They have been washed away by the glories of the storm. □

The All-New Ford LTD—



Engineered for Today

by Kirsten Benson



Ford LTD Country Squire Wagon

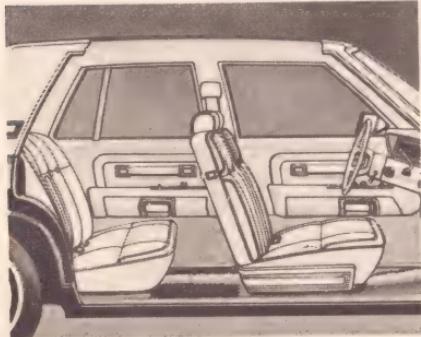
THE ALL-NEW Ford LTD has a lot more going for it than last year's LTD — including more front seat room, more rear seat room, more handling ease, more window area and, with the new mini-spare tire, more trunk space. Yet the 1979-model retains the traditional LTD ride that owners have come to expect.

The best way to appreciate the 1979 Ford LTD is to take a test drive, and your Ford dealer's sales people are ready, willing and able to put you behind the wheel of this new American full-size car.

On your test drive, you'll find Ford engineers and designers created ample space for six adults with more head room, leg room and shoulder room — front seat and back — than in last year's LTD.

The new master control position gives the driver a command seating position. Controls for windshield wiper-and-washer, headlamp dimmer and horn are on two levers mounted

More passenger room than in any other LTD — six-passenger seating



on the left of the steering column.

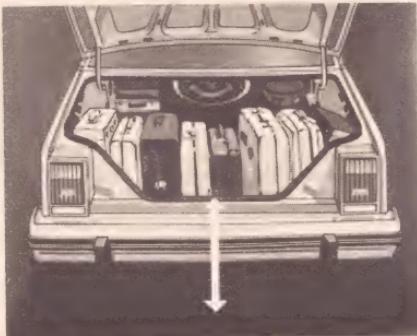
Doors swing out and up thanks to the new "tilt-a-way" door hinge design which provides more head room between door and roof — an especially nice feature for cramped garages and parking lots. In addition, rear door openings are wider and thinner, making it easier to get in and out.

The trunk is improved over last year, too. With the new standard mini-spare tire, the deep-well trunk has 23.4 cubic feet of space — nearly a cubic foot more than the 1978 model. Loading and unloading are easier than before because the liftover height has been lowered more than an inch to 22 inches. The deep well allows most luggage to stand upright.

Full-frame construction was selected as the best way to help isolate the passenger compartment from noise, vibration and harshness.

Among a number of major engineering changes, a new "A" arm coil-spring front suspension, redesigned

Unsurpassed trunk space — no other new American car has more than LTD



steering configuration, new rear axle and new front-disc brakes contribute to the car's agility, including a four-foot-shorter turning circle.

Revisions have also been made in the car's heating and air conditioning system, including a new optional air conditioning system which features increased air flow, larger registers with improved locations to provide rear-seat comfort and separate mode functions for recirculated and outside air.

Even the front door lock buttons got special attention for the LTD. They were removed from the window sills and relocated just ahead of each armrest to provide an extra measure of anti-theft protection.

With the standard 5.0-litre (302-CID) V-8 engine and SelectShift automatic transmission, the re-engineered LTD's EPA-estimated miles per gallon (mpg) has been improved in mid-year to 16.*

That's a significant increase from the EPA-estimated rating of 10 mpg

Easier handling than last year with a four-foot shorter turning circle



achieved by the 1975-model LTD with the standard power team.

All LTDs also offer such other standard equipment items as Duraspark solid-state ignition, power steering, power front-disc and rear-drum brakes, and steel-belted radial-ply tires.

Two- and four-door sedans, as well as station wagons, come in two distinctive trim and equipment levels. Among many other differences, the standard LTD sedans and station wagon feature a single rectangular headlamp treatment while the LTD Landau sedans and Country Squire sport a unique grille treatment with dual rectangular headlamps.

Station wagon improvements for '79 include a wider second seat, increased third-seat leg room and longer cushions for the optional dual-facing

*Compare this mileage estimate with the estimated mpg of other cars. Your mileage may differ, depending on speed, weather and distance. California estimates usually differ.

Easy entry and exit with the new "tilt-away" doors that swing out and up



rear seats — the latter still a Ford exclusive. A convenient lockable stowage compartment now is standard.

Ford's LTD station wagons also offer an optional luggage rack with a velocity-sensitive air deflector. (At low speeds, it helps clear rear windows of dust or snow; at highway speeds, it automatically changes its position in the air stream to minimize drag.)

There's plenty of cargo space with the rear seat folded down (89.7 cubic feet) with room for a standard-size 4x8 sheet of plywood flat between the wheel wells. Another valuable feature continued in 1979 is the Ford-first three-way Magic Doorgate. It opens like a door (window up or down) or swings down like a platform.

A number of options are new for the 1979 Ford LTD lineup, including a special handling suspension system; Premium Sound System; AM/FM

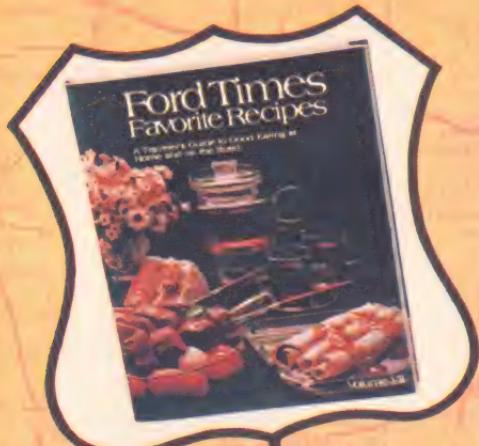
stereo search radio with quadraphonic tape radio; dashing Tu-Tone paint-and-tape treatment; electronic digital clock with time, date and elapsed time features; flight-bench seat with dual recliners; Exterior Accent Group; power antenna, and Citizen's Band radio.

LTD's option list continues to include such popular features as Fingertip Speed Control with resume feature, tilt steering wheel, automatic temperature-control air conditioning, a variety of factory-installed audio equipment and heavy-duty trailer-towing package. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Ford LTD Landau Two-door Sedan





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Boldt's Castle



The Remains of a Dream

story and photos by Margaret H. Koehler

FOR YEARS, except in the dead of winter, the sound of hammering had echoed up and down the St. Lawrence, and there had been a constant stream of men and materials coming, by boat and barge, to the heart-shaped island not far offshore from Alexandria Bay, New York.

Everyone for miles around knew that George C. Boldt was building a castle, and there was something wonderful about it. For this was to be a castle in the highest romantic tradition, a gift to his wife patterned after the legendary castles along the Rhine that had made an unforgettable impression upon him as a child. Construction of the castle had begun in 1899, and three years later it was an enchanting silhouette dominating the skyline. Inside, masters of their trade, brought from all over Europe, were applying the finishing touches, carving magnificent white marble as only the Italians can carve it, working with

wood, with plastered frescoes, murals and shimmering chandeliers.

Then, in 1902, Mrs. Boldt died suddenly. Within one hour, her husband had sent telegrams to the Heart Island site ordering that everything be stopped instantly.

Seemingly a dream had died, but in actuality, although Boldt Castle never has been finished and never will be, Boldt's dream has proven to be a kind of inheritance. Thousands come each year to walk through the castle and stroll about the lovely grounds. Almost every sightseeing boat that tours the Thousand Islands — and this is a trip repeated thousands of times each season — makes a stop at the castle, and the passengers are told the story of George Boldt and his castle.

Who was George Boldt?

Well, in a very real sense it might be said that he was the epitome of the classic American success story. He was born in North Germany in 1851,





son of a merchant. Ambitious, with visions of the kind of riches one could supposedly get only in America, he came to this country when he was 13 and went to work for a hotel in New York City.

Thereafter, he "worked his way up." It was he who, with the backing of a few rich men, converted a private club in Philadelphia into the Bellevue Hotel, which was the first hostelry in the United States to give excellent service in exchange for admittedly high rates. It was this same philosophy which Boldt later applied to his New York Waldorf Astoria, which became one of the most famous hotels in the world.

Boldt is credited with having done more than any other individual to further the development of the modern American hotel. But he also had many other interests, and was active in a variety of business enterprises, educational institutions and philanthropic organizations.

He also had his dream. He wanted,

for his wife, a castle on the Rhine, here in America.

He and his wife had vacationed in the Thousand Islands, and they loved this singularly beautiful area interlacing the international boundary line between the United States and Canada. So Boldt bought Heart Island and began to make his dream real.

A perfect replica of the Arc de Triomphe was erected at the entrance to a lagoon near the castle. The Alster tower, also fashioned like an ancient Rhine castle, was built at the water's edge, to contain a small opera house, a bowling alley, a library, a billiard room and facilities for guests. Even the island power house was built in castle form, complete with a clock and chimes tower.

Boldt had spent over \$2 million on his castle when his wife died, but the money was of no consequence to him. In later years, he did return to his beloved Thousand Islands, but it is said that he never visited Heart Island or the castle. When he died, in 1916, the flags of every hotel in New York were flown at half staff.

The castle is owned by the Thousand Islands Bridge Authority in Alexandria Bay. Admission fee to the castle and grounds is \$1.50 for adults and \$1 for children under 12. Special group rates are available.

Despite being a long-abandoned ruin — complete with graffiti and other signs of vandalism — it remains a hauntingly fascinating place to visit. It summons up the dream from which it sprang. □

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A Perfect Vacation

A glimpse of the rock-ridged backbone of New England transformed an ordinary summer outing into an unforgettable experience

by Eileen Van Kirk

illustrations by Harvey Kidder

THE LAKE shimmered in the sunlight, the deep green of the woods edged the shoreline, and the sky was an arc of purest blue.

"Perfect, isn't it?" said my husband. I agreed. It was perfect. The cottage we had rented sat on a little bluff overlooking Long Pine Pond. (In New Hampshire, lakes are called ponds.) We had our own small beach, a rowboat and a canoe. The weather was glorious, the water crystal-clear and the fish were biting. Then why did I have this vague feeling of discontent, why did I feel that I was missing something?

The boys were fishing off the dock and I called to them, "Who wants to come to the store with me?" But the response was totally negative as they concentrated on lines, lures, bobbers and sinkers.

"OK you guys," said their father, "you stay here fishing until we get back, then we'll all go for a swim."

"Sure, Dad," came the chorus, "Hey, Mom, get some bubble gum."

"Yeah, some donuts, too."

"Cookies," yelled my youngest, as we climbed into the station wagon, "Get some cookies."

We jounced along the narrow, bumpy road leading out to the highway. The highway was wide and smooth, and we zipped along, past the Franconia Motel, the drive-in movie showing Woody Allen, and Mel's Car Wash. McDonald's Golden Arches loomed on the right as we pulled into the crowded parking lot. The shopping center, like a thousand others,





contained a supermarket, a drugstore, a laundromat, a gift shop and a big, windowless discount store. We found a shopping cart and headed for the supermarket.

Up and down the familiar aisles we went, piling our cart with boxes of cereal, cookies, coffee, peanut butter, jelly and numerous items without which my family could not survive for even a week in the country. Then came the long wait at the checkout counter, during which we leafed through *TV Guide* and surreptitiously read *National Enquirer*. When we got back to the car, now like an oven from standing in the sun-baked parking lot, we loaded up and raced back to the cottage before the ice cream melted and the frozen foods thawed.

Our arrival was greeted with whoops of joy as everyone raced for his bathing suit. The kitchen became a kaleidoscope of discarded blue jeans, abandoned sneakers and scat-

tered groceries. I tried to bring some order out of this chaos, but as I began putting away the groceries, I realized that in our haste I had somehow missed the bakery aisle. Consequently we had no bread, no rolls and no donuts. The last thing I wanted was another trip to the shopping center.

By this time the boys were lined up ready for a dip in the lake. I moaned my fate.

"Mom, you don't have to go all the way back to town," said Tommy. "Remember Aunt Ginny told us about going to that little country store when she stayed up here."

"That's right," said my husband. "She said they sold everything."

"But I don't know how to get there," I protested.

"I remember distinctly," said my husband, the navigator. "When you get on the highway you take the second road to the left."

And so it was that while the rest of the gang was splashing happily in the lake, I was searching for the second road to the left. I almost missed it. It wasn't much wider than the road into camp, although it was paved, more or less. I drove along slowly, but saw nothing that looked like a store. After what seemed like hours I was ready to turn back when I saw the sign tacked to a tree. "BREAD" it said, and an arrow pointed into the woods.

I stopped the car and looked around. It was very still, the trees grew thick and close and the only sound was the faint rustling in the

leaves where tiny wrens and warblers darted from branch to branch. I parked the car under a large maple, and following the arrow, made my way down a narrow rocky path that I discovered led to a small clapboard house. The door opened directly onto a few overgrown flagstones, and I approached it hesitantly, feeling rather foolish. Before I had a chance to knock, a voice called out, "Door's open, come on in."

I obeyed, rather like a modern day Gretel, and walked into a roomy, plain country kitchen. A heavy-set, white-haired lady, wearing a flowered cotton dress, was rocking gently back and forth in a big black rocker.

"Saw you comin' down the path," she said. "Sit down."

I hesitated.

"Have I come to the right place? I want to buy some bread. There's a sign back there."

"You're a bit late," she replied, waving a hand in the direction of the table, "but there's a few loaves left." Then I noticed a table, covered with a white cloth, on which were about five large golden loaves and a plate piled high with donuts. The kitchen was pleasantly warm and filled with that unmistakable fragrance of home-baked bread. "Haven't seen you before," she said. "You new here?"

I explained that we were vacationing at Long Pine Pond. She nodded.

"That's Matt Harder's place. He and my husband used to go ice fishin' together back in '27, '28. Had to have a horse and sleigh to get in there in the

winter in those days." She rocked a little. "You in a hurry?"

"No," I replied. "No hurry at all." I sat down on one of the straight-backed wooden chairs and looked around. The kitchen was dominated by a big, white gas stove. Next to it stood a large old-fashioned cupboard with glass paneled doors, and alongside that an old refrigerator. The lower part of the walls was covered with white tileboard and the upper half painted green. The floor was flowered linoleum, and in the corner stood a shiny, black Franklin stove.

"Have one of my donuts," she offered, pushing the plate toward me, "and some lemonade. Help yourself, there in the pitcher." I poured myself a glass of lemonade and bit into the donut. It was delicious, light and crisp. I complimented her on it.

"Been fryin' donuts since I was a girl," she said. "Married when I was 18, had six children. Raised 'em all right here. Then when my oldest was killed in the war I took his four young 'uns in and raised them, too. I've fried a lot of donuts in my time."

"And you bake your own bread, too?" I asked, nodding toward the loaves on the table.

"My family wouldn't eat any other kind, and I just never got out of the habit. Neighbors buy it off me now." She rocked. "I bake most every day. Got up at 5 o'clock this mornin' so's I could get finished before it got too hot. Sure got hot today." She fanned herself with a handkerchief, and I sipped my lemonade. Through the

doorway I had a view of a small parlor crowded with overstuffed furniture, and a mantelpiece crammed with pictures of handsome, smiling young men and women in caps and gowns and wedding dresses.

"I'll be 84 in October," she told me, "and my grandson keeps after me to go to Florida for the winter, but what would I do in Florida?"

"You live here all alone?" I asked.



"Sure. When it snows I just sit tight until my neighbor comes over to shovel me out. He usually gets here after two or three days." She chuckled. "Last year it snowed every day for nearly a week, and it was up over the windowsills. That's when my family gets upset and wants me to go south, but I tell 'em I like the snow. I've plenty of food, a warm kitchen, books to read, and who'd feed the birds if I went off gallivantin'?"

I tried to picture the little house half buried in snow, the kitchen snug and warm in the eerie white light of a winter afternoon.

We chatted for a while. I told her about my boys and their fishing trips, their pet frogs, skinned knees and broken legs. She'd been through it all. Finally, I had to leave. I took four loaves of bread and all the donuts. When she told me the price I protested; it was too cheap.

"That's what my grandson says, but I wouldn't feel right asking more."

She put the bread in a big paper bag for me and we said goodbye. But as I was walking up the path she leaned out of the window and called out.

"My grandson says I should make a smaller loaf, but I said who'd want to buy an itty-bitty bread like that. What do you think?"

"I think you're absolutely right," I said.

"I know it," she replied, pulling in her head and closing the window.

I got in the car and headed back the now-familiar road to the camp. Between the slender white trunks of the birch trees the blue waters of the lake glinted in the sunlight, and my spirits soared. My discontent had vanished. In the midst of our prepackaged, plastic-wrapped society, I had found what I was looking for. Just for a moment the lush, green foliage of summer had parted, and I had been given a glimpse of the rock-ridged backbone of New England. □

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The Ozarks Are Alive and Well

So says this native son, who took the time to go back home

by Paul C. Foraker

illustrations by Louis Freund



ONE OF THE lesser-publicized, lesser-known and least-polluted areas in the nation is that wild, remote and rocky section of southern Missouri known as the Ozarks.

Except for that part of the Ozarks to the south of Springfield, Missouri, which has attracted a large number of retirees in recent years, the population explosion has left the southern Missouri hills relatively untouched. In fact, in my Ozark counties east of Springfield and southwest of St. Louis, there are fewer people today than at the turn of the century.

But it was inevitable that some changes would come, and among these have been telephones, electric lights and paved roads, all making for greatly improved communications.

Forty years ago, however, things were different in the Ozarks. Sundown meant the systematic lighting of coal-oil lamps, and a Missouri state



highway usually meant two narrow lanes of gravel and dust that soon deteriorated to rocky mud after an Ozark downpour (known locally as a "toad-strangler"). The nearest phone was usually at the general store in town, and it was the crank-and-holler type.

"Town" often consisted merely of a combination post office and general store of the variety run by Ike Godsey of Walton television fame, with the tall, slender gasoline pumps out front, each equipped with a glass tube at the top through which the buyer could see what he was pouring into his gas tank.

Summer days are hot in the Ozarks, and during the Depression days of the 1930s, air conditioning

was a marvel that could be experienced only at a few swanky movie theaters 120 miles away in St. Louis—a "fur piece" from our part of the hills.

But the Ozarks had their own built-in air-conditioning system, and the farmers who eked out their living from the rough Ozark hillsides were prone to take advantage of it daily. In Dent County, Huzzah Creek brought the cool comforts of air conditioning to local inhabitants, free of charge. All one had to do was sit in the creek on a hot afternoon, and thus avoid all the sweltering effects of August.

And so, around 2 p.m. most weekdays, the community would gather not *at* the creek but *in* the creek. The Huzzah was not quite deep enough in

most places to encourage swimming. It was, rather, a *sitting* creek.

All the local gossip was exchanged at this time between grizzled Ozark farmers clad in Oshkoshb'gosh blue denim overalls that had loops around the shoulders, eliminating the necessity of a belt. Of course the ladies were also very much in the creek, resting more or less comfortably on the gravel bottom as they discussed who was courting whom, and whose turn it was to have the preacher for dinner next Sunday. As they talked, their sunbonnets would ritualistically bob back and forth.

While all this was going on, the barefoot kids naturally were having the biggest heyday of all, splashing each other and skipping flat rocks on the surface of the Huzzah.

It was family togetherness . . . it was community togetherness . . . it was the kind of togetherness that had built America many years before, and here in the '30s it still persisted in the Ozarks. By 5 p.m. it was getting time for milking and other chores, and one by one the folks pulled themselves out of the creek and drip-dried on the way home.

By sundown the chores were finished, supper was over (Ozark folks eat dinner at noon) and as the coal-oil lamps were being lit inside, the joyful song of the woods began outside. At first it was just a hoarse-sounding chirp, isolated here and there. But the darker it got, the louder the song of the katydids grew until finally it reached a crescendo of rhythmic

sound, filling every nook and cranny with a roar more beautiful, more restful, more wild than anything man could ever contrive.

To walk through the woods at night, toward the creek to do a little frog-gigging in the light of a full moon, totally surrounded by the deafening magic song of the katydids . . . Well, it's an experience that can be pictured only by those who have captured the feel of the Ozarks in their souls, never to release it.

We drove back into this same area of the Ozarks last summer. The hills are still there, the wildness is still there. Huzzah Creek still rushes along its gravel bed; the songbirds still greet the misty Ozark dawn with their happy music. And the noise of a thousand different species of insects still lets man know that the Ozarks are alive — and well.

Nowadays the coal-oil lamps are all but gone, TV antennas sprout from most houses, and the telephones have dials. But the summer nights still take on their same old sweet magic of 40 years ago when the katydids begin their song at sundown, high on the ridges and deep in the valleys.

There was one noticeable change that 40 years had wrought along the Huzzah: During our visit we drove to the creek on a particularly hot afternoon and stopped at the exact location where we all used to sit in the cool water.

But nobody was there, and from a nearby house came the purring sound of an air conditioner. □



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

by Nancy Kennedy



WINDWARD INN FLORENCE, OREGON

Described by regular patrons as one of the most popular restaurants on the Oregon coast, this inn has been a local attraction for 30 years. The present owners, Kathie and Van Heeter, recently completed a major expansion project, which they call "coastal country inn" with a hint of Old English. Rich wood paneling and wood-burning fireplaces in the dining rooms add to the charm. The menu is wide-ranging from local fish 'n' chips to carefully prepared entrées featuring seafoods and steaks. Desserts are outstanding, and there is an extensive wine list. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner every day, except Monday. Closed Thanksgiving and Christmas. The address is 3757 U.S. Highway 101 North.

Cheesecake

- 18 graham crackers
- Sugar
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- 6 tablespoons melted butter
- 24 ounces cream cheese
- Vanilla
- 4 eggs
- 1 pint sour cream

Roll crackers into fine crumbs. Mix with 2 tablespoons sugar, cinnamon and melted butter. Press into buttered 8-inch spring form pan. Chill while making filling. Blend cheese with 1 cup sugar until smooth. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and eggs, one at a time. Beat thoroughly. Pour into prepared pan. Bake at 350° 40 minutes. Remove from oven and cool 20 minutes. Blend sour cream with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla and 2 tablespoons sugar. Pour over cooled filling. Bake at 500° 5 minutes. Cool, then refrigerate at least 2 hours before removing from pan.

PIMLICO HOTEL RESTAURANT BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Generous servings of expertly prepared food at reasonable prices add up to the great popularity of this restaurant. The enormous menu of seafoods, steaks, Chinese specialties and homemade desserts is a plus. Formerly a hotel, the building has been converted into a series of dining rooms. A nearby attraction is the Pimlico Race Track. Reservations necessary. Lunch and dinner served daily. Late night snacks are popular. The address is 5301 Park Heights Avenue near Baltimore Beltway (I-695).

Filet of Flounder Audrey

- 6 filets of flounder (10 to 12 ounces each)
- Salt and pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup clarified butter
- 3 tablespoons chopped shallots
- 9 tablespoons green or natural pistachios
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups white wine

Sprinkle filets with salt and pepper; dredge lightly with flour. Heat butter in large skillet. Add fish and brown lightly on both sides. Add shallots and pistachios. Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Add lemon juice and wine. Cook 2 minutes. Remove filets to hot serving platter. Quickly cook sauce to reduce about half. Pour over fish and garnish with watercress. Serves 6.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Labeled "a gem among gems" by many of its regular Manhattan patrons, this restaurant at 1165 First Avenue at 64th Street is noted for quiet elegance and excellent food. It is open for lunch and dinner daily under the direction of Frank Valenza, the owner, and Richard Burns, the executive chef. The menu is sufficiently diversified to please any palate and most wallets.

Steak Diane

This table-cooked steak is a restaurant show-piece. At home an electric skillet can be used with flair.

4 strip steaks, 5 ounces each

Dijon mustard

Worcestershire sauce

Salt and pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped parsley
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped shallots
 4 ounces Cognac, warmed

Trim and pound steaks very thin. Brush with mustard, lightly sprinkle with Worcestershire and season to taste with salt and pepper. Heat butter in skillet until very hot. Add steaks, sauté about 15 seconds and turn. Add parsley and shallots. Cook for a few seconds. Add warmed Cognac, heat and ignite. When flame dies, remove steaks to serving plate. Simmer sauce a few seconds, pour over steaks and serve immediately. Serves 4.

Lemon Melting Moments

In very cold bowl whip 1 pint heavy cream. As it begins to thicken, gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup superfine sugar, 2 tablespoons sweetened condensed milk, grated rind and juice of 4 lemons. Whip until very thick. Spoon into parfait glasses, chill and top each with fresh strawberry. Serves 4 to 6.

HARBOR VIEW RESTAURANT STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT

The French menu, featuring superb food expertly served, gives this restaurant a reputation for the finest haute cuisine in the area. Mr. and Mrs. George Turner, the owners, are inspired by the cuisine of Brittany, which they visit each year in the fall. In line with the name, diners have a picturesque view of Stonington Harbor, where many patrons dock their boats. The decor is handsome, with dark paneled walls, candles in hurricane lamps, pewter cutlery and fresh flowers on each table. Lunch and dinner (reservations recommended) are served daily except Tuesday. The restaurant is at 60 Water Street, the nearest highways are Interstate 95

and U.S. Highway 1A.

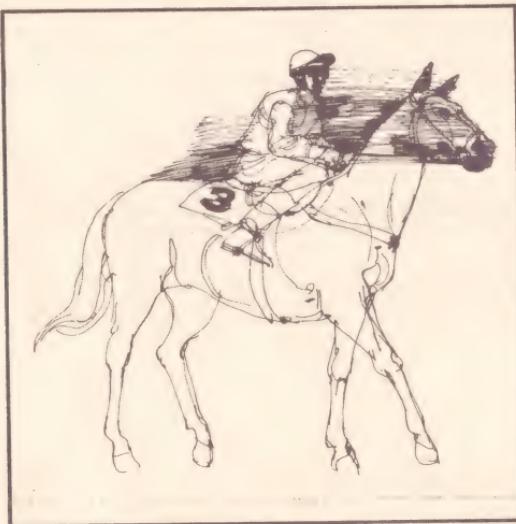
Veal Normandy

2 pieces thinly sliced veal (4 ounces each)
 1 tablespoon butter
 1 small apple, peeled and cut in 6 pieces
 Flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Calvados (apple brandy) or applejack
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream
 2 to 4 tablespoons applesauce, optional
 Salt and pepper

Pound veal scallops to $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. Heat butter in skillet. Add sliced apple and sauté few minutes. Dredge veal in flour. Push apple aside and brown meat quickly on both sides. Add warmed brandy, heat and flame. When flame subsides, remove meat to hot plate. Add cream and applesauce. Cook over high heat, stirring until sauce is reduced and medium thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper, adding more cream if necessary. Spoon over meat and serve immediately. Serves 1.



That's a Horse Race for Ya, Pal!



It could be any Thoroughbred race at any track,
but it happens to be the eighth at Atlantic City

by Donna Huston Murray

illustrations by Bruce Bond

IN THE PADDOCK Oh Don't Worry, the favored filly, is even more nervous than usual because of the thunderstorm. Her trainer, Judy Stricker, runs a shaky hand through her curly light brown hair, wishing it were all

over and she had a win to bolster her brand new career.

Nearby, Cerissa stands tall and alert while her groom adjusts her tack. Budd Lepman, a successful veteran trainer, has seen something in

the confident chestnut filly to prompt his claiming her for \$10,000 and even raising her price to \$12,500 for this race. The outcome will reflect on his judgment, so he is pleased that his new acquisition seems to be "up" for this eighth race here in Atlantic City like a prize fighter for a big bout.

Next in line at a \$2 Win-Place-Show seller, a paunchy man in brown trousers and a white shirt takes a last look at the odds. Number 6, Oh Don't Worry, is 2-1; Number 2, Cerissa, is 7-2; but Number 1, Aloha Aloha, riding with the lightest weight, is a slightly more appealing 5-1. The man goes with, "\$2 on Number 1 to win," and in 200 milliseconds the bet is read by two computers. Acknowledged as valid, the ticket is produced.

With a puff on his cigar and a squint from the smoke, our bettor tucks his ticket away and joins his friend in front of a TV monitor suspended on a post. Second-hand action beats getting drenched.

"What'd ya waste yer money on this time, Harry?" he is asked. "There's not a mudder in the field."

"You kept your money in your pocket, I suppose?"

"Heck, no. I guess the track won't be getting rich off us though."

Harry's friend is right enough. The state takes the biggest chunk from every bet with the track earning only about enough to pay the mutual clerks. Profits from parking, admissions, program sales, and a percentage of the concessions keep the track in business. Of course, Harry and his

friend are more interested in the remaining \$1.66 of their \$2 bets which gets divided among the winning ticket holders. It cheers them to think that all 6,959 fans who sloshed through the rain to wager their \$583,539 during the evening cannot all be right, although each one hopes to be.

Robert Pineda, a jockey, listens as Judy Stricker tells him, "Keep her as close as you can, because the speed is not going to come back to you."

Budd Lepman has hired the current leading jockey at Atlantic City, Buck Thornburg. "He doesn't cost any more than another jockey, and when you're hot, you're hot!"

Budd tells Buck, "Let the filly lay as close to the pace as possible without applying pressure until you reach the quarter pole. Then go to drive."

A bell rings, and the Thoroughbreds are ceremoniously signaled onto the track by a bugler. Most nestle close to lead ponies hired specifically to keep them calm — any energy wasted in nervousness might lose the race.

Nearer the gate the fillies begin to warm up, watched closely by a veterinarian for any last minute injuries.

They are also watched through binoculars from the top of the clubhouse by Tom Werblin, the announcer. While marking his program with colored pens to serve as a backup during the race, he memorizes the field according to the jockeys' silks. Numbers are too difficult to see during the race.

Meanwhile, the starter is consulting a program he marked earlier with

the idiosyncrasies of each horse to be loaded into the gate tonight. One may need to be pushed in, another's tail must be held up to keep it from sitting down, another must be blindfolded or possibly be pulled in by tongs. Eight assistant starters hurry through the steady rain to carry out his shouted instructions.

When the six horses are loaded into the gate, the starter watches for the split second when all the heads are set and presses a button. A bell rings, and the gate opens.

"They're off!"

Oh Don't Worry takes a huge gulp of air and dives into the race with the others, leading with her right foreleg. For a moment she is ahead. Ten feet in front of the gate the Teletimer detects her passing its electric eye and begins timing the race.



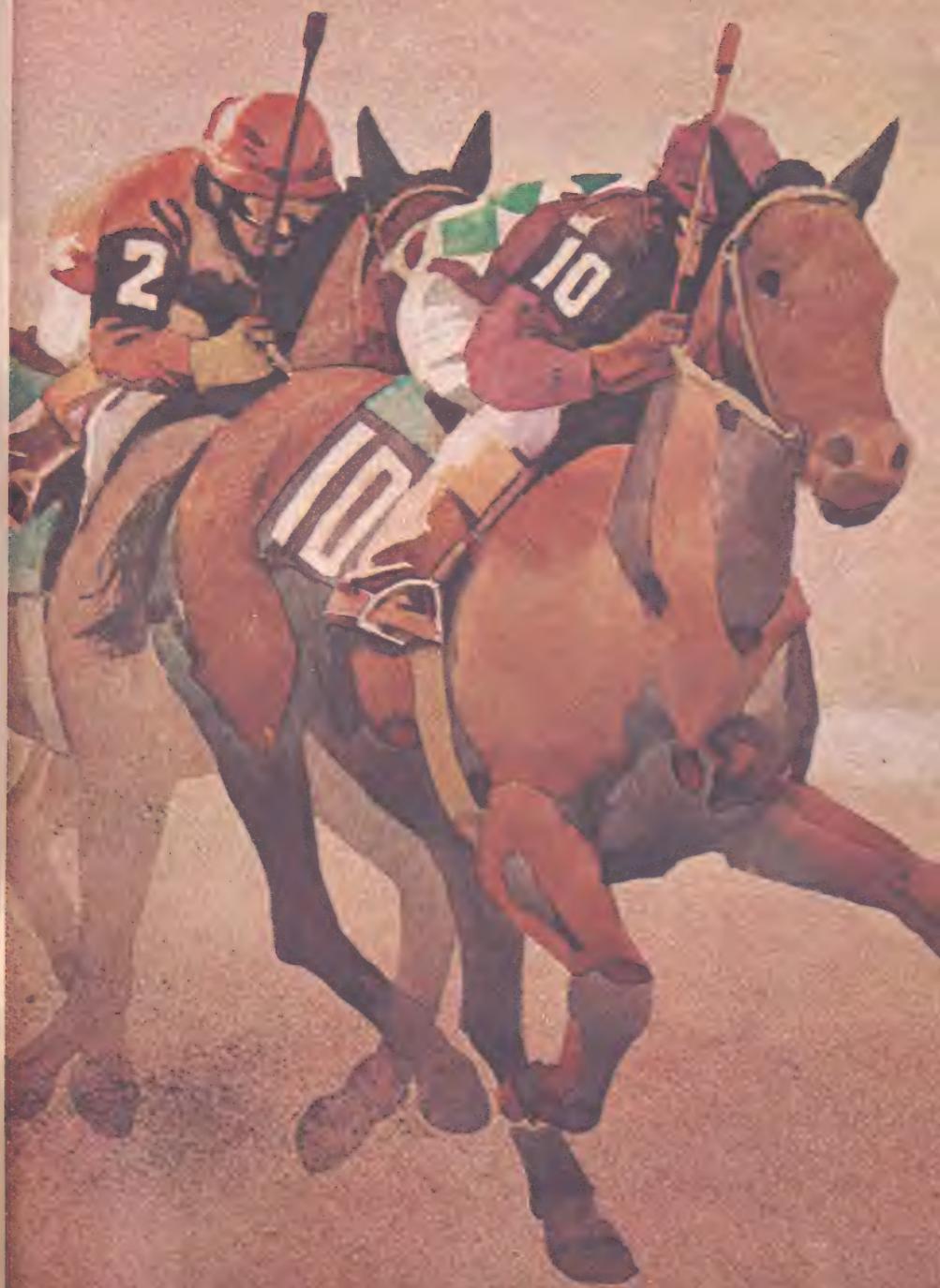
Squinting to see through the rain, the announcer is calling the race over the loudspeaker. The crowd begins to murmur as if it just woke up.

Another running commentary the crowd would not understand is going on by walkie-talkie from the tall, wind-blown towers of the patrol judges to the stewards in the clubhouse. The stewards, who govern the race, must know of any infractions as they happen. They may hear something like, "The four horse lugged in on the three horse," or "Three saged number six," but this time, "Everybody looks clean so far."

Right after the start, Oh Don't Worry took herself back. As the placing judges first began to punch in the leading numbers that appear on the tote board and TV monitors, it read Aloha Aloha first with Number 4 Secret Like and Cerissa close beside her.

Now Oh Don't Worry gets a glimpse of the whip and moves from fifth to fourth. The crowd grows noisier. The jockeys direct their mounts to change their leads to the left foreleg for the turn with a slight movement of their hands or a tap on the horse's shoulder. At about 30 mph pulling the reins left would make the horse lose its balance and fall. Jockeys pray that will not happen.

Yet anything can happen during a race. A horse can actually drown if a blood vessel in its nose breaks from strain. More commonly a misstep will break a leg, even with the track in perfect condition.



Some excited fans have braved the rain and moved to the rail. Others are shouting encouragement into the TV monitors. The noise level rises.

Passing the 5/16-pole, Cerissa takes her second and last breath of the race, average for six furlongs or 3 1/4-mile. Just like the others, she gets further refreshed by changing back to her right lead heading out of the turn. She begins to move up. The field has been 1, 4, 2, 6, but now Number 4 Secret Like drops back to third. At the 1/4-pole Cerissa feels the whip and closes in on Aloha Aloha to continue neck and neck.

At the top of the stretch, Oh Don't Worry sees the finish line and goes for it like a student at a piano recital ripping through the *Minute Waltz* because, her trainer confides, "She hates to race! She gets really excited toward the end and really gets going."

The crowd winds up to full volume. No one is uninvolved. At the wire three horses are inches apart — a triple photo finish.

In his darkroom Bob Cerchio processes his 25 inches of film with a little smile. It pleases him to think that for the minute and a half it takes to process the photo finish everybody is waiting for him.

He works in complete darkness, timing his developing with a metronome set at 72 beats per minute, the same as the average heartbeat in case the metronome breaks and he has to wing it. Then with the film sandwiched between two pieces of glass and the lights back on, Bob

moves the strip back and forth under a projector, simulating the end of the race on a white table with a thin line down the center for the placing judges below him. Since the film was exposed only to the four inches of track actually at the finish line, it recorded each horse just as it crossed the line. It then shows the exact distance between horses at the end of the race, something real gamblers want to know. In case a horse is eclipsed by another between it and the camera, a four-inch-wide mirror is positioned across the track so that the race is filmed simultaneously from both sides. The hidden horse can then be identified from the far side by the number on its head, handy for tonight.

Beside the winner's circle the clerk of scales has weighed in each jockey, allowing for about four pounds of mud each has picked up. He signals the three placing judges, who make the race official. Aloha Aloha, Cerissa, and Oh Don't Worry.

Bud Lepman is satisfied that Cerissa's \$10,000 claiming price was money well spent.

Judy Stricker says, "When you're in a photo, you can't complain."

Harry's friend elbows him in the ribs and tosses his own ticket over his shoulder. "\$13.40 for a \$2 win, you lucky dog."

"Who did you have?" Harry asks.

"The one that died in the stretch, who else?"

"That's a horse race for ya, pal — that's a horse race!" Harry says, heading toward the cashier. □

A Wilderness for Everyone

There's such a place in
Yellowstone National Park

story and photos
by James Tallon

ON OUR WAY to the dock I noticed that the fifty-ish lady walked stiffly and I insisted on carrying her dufflebag, a brand new one. "Just a touch of arthritis," she said, and smiled. We boarded the launch, and with four 12-foot aluminum boats in tow, our skipper eased it out of the snug harbor at Bay Bridge and into Wyoming's Yellowstone Lake. There are stories about the lake turning into a dangerous adversary with wind and high waves, but today it was peaceful and beckoning. Above us, the puffy clouds were punctually gathering for land-freshening afternoon showers.

For what seemed nearly an hour, our skipper kept the engine at full throttle. Then we entered the restricted speed zone at the entrance to the South Arm, where he slowed to five miles per hour and held it steady for the better part of another hour. Then he swung the bow toward shore and



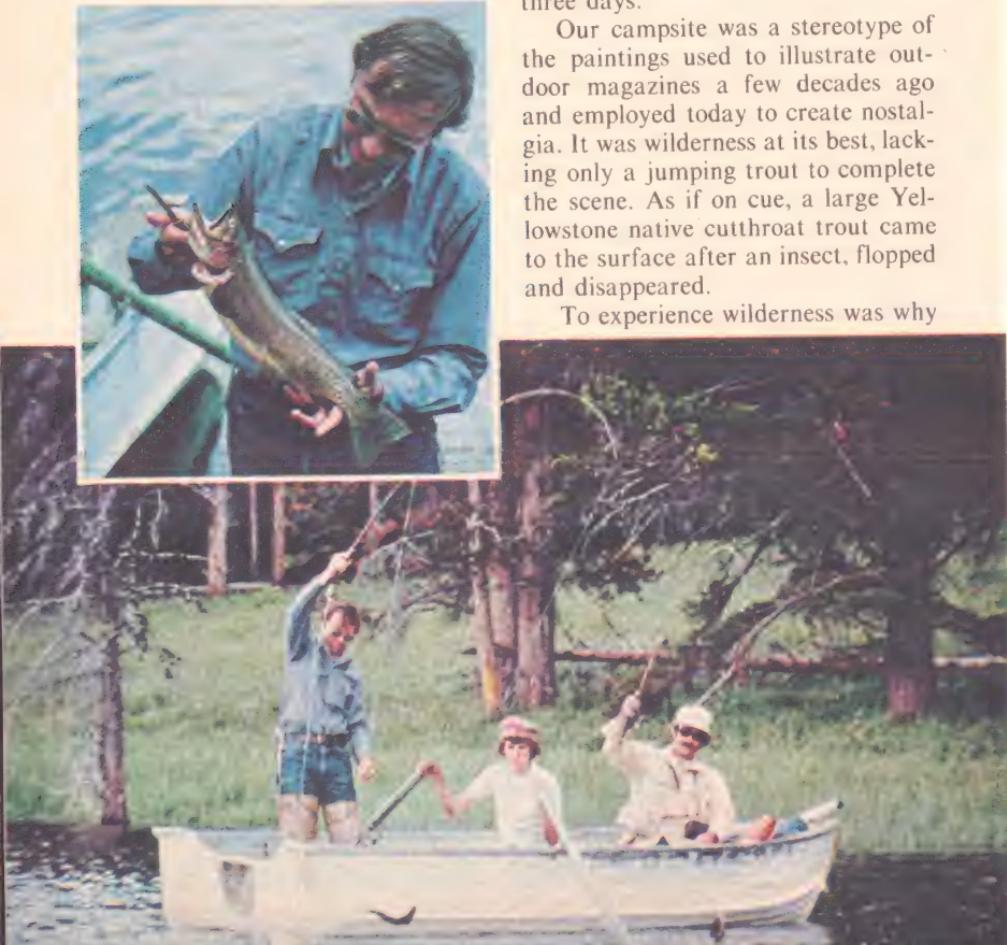
tied up at a point tangled with deadfalls and standing conifers. We transferred our load of camp gear and supplies to the small boats, but this time the power was arm and back muscles, mostly our guide's, but with the able-bodied men in our group occasionally taking stints at the oars.

With each stroke, we glided deeper into a wilderness world. As the soli-

tude surrounded us, we tended to talk more softly. A brace of ducks catapulted into the air at our approach. The forest at shoreline looked impenetrable, but after a while it opened into a meadow filled with Indian paintbrush, lupine and other flowers. Here we set up camp, our green tents blending into the landscape. It would be our home-away-from-home for the next three days.

Our campsite was a stereotype of the paintings used to illustrate outdoor magazines a few decades ago and employed today to create nostalgia. It was wilderness at its best, lacking only a jumping trout to complete the scene. As if on cue, a large Yellowstone native cutthroat trout came to the surface after an insect, flopped and disappeared.

To experience wilderness was why



most of us came. But why here? Why not somewhere else? A number of our party had bypassed other wilderness areas to get to this one.

If you are familiar with the wilderness area concept, you know that restrictions — some of the law and some of the flesh — limit them to enjoyment by leathery individuals capable of carrying a 60-pound pack for a week or two; or to folks with the fortitude and the bodies that conform to horses for equally long times. The South Arm wilderness is different because it is available to just about everyone, including the very young, the elderly and the partially disabled. At not only the South Arm, but the Southeast Arm and the Flat Mountain Arm — all connected to the body of Yellowstone Lake in Yellowstone National Park — the problems of access are largely solved by water. For sure, it still takes hardy types to make it on their own. That is, row their own boat or paddle their own canoe. The less hardy can reserve space on a Yellowstone Park Company boat. You are taken to the South Arm and then picked up a few days later. However, you should bring all your own camping and fishing equipment, and secure the necessary park permits. A friend in Montana told me about the South Arm trips, but I was only casually interested until he said, "The cutthroat fishing is outstanding." Being a fisherman by peculiarity and needing a balanced diet of the outdoors and city life, I suddenly felt the percentage had grown a bit heavy on the latter.

For fishing the South Arm, I had brought along both fly and ultralight spinning tackle. The barbs of hooks on lures and flies (no bait fishing is permitted in Yellowstone Lake) were bent back so fish could easily be released; treble hooks were trimmed to single hooks.

Yellowstone Park rules allow two fish per day per angler (fish 13 inches or longer must be released), but we imposed a one-fish-per-day limit on ourselves. The fish we kept, if we kept one, would go into the skillet, usually within the hour. I made a cast with the ultralight — one cast, mind you — and a chunky trout took the spinner-fly. I worked it into the shallows and released it without lifting it from the water. A second cast got me another fish, so did the third. Cast number four drew a blank, but then the cycle started over and I arbitrarily calculated that the South Arm average was three fish for every four casts. On several occasions, when using the ultralight spinning outfit, I found that fish that got off my hook were quickly replaced by anxious brethren before I could finish retrieves. In the clear water, I often saw two or more trout chasing the lure at the same time.

When I switched to a flyrod my scores plunged, mainly because I am not expert with it. But there is something special about flyrods, a sense of catching fish in the most sporting way of all.

The trout of Yellowstone Lake in the South Arm are untutored. They are fiercely competitive with one

another; shyness and caution are traits they lack. In the heat of feeding, they strike artificial lures and flies quicker than the real thing. Often they completely ignore the biped who stands fully visible, beyond the crystal water.

A teenage member of our group rigged a pine branch with a few yards of monofilament fishing line, added a pine cone for weight, then a fly of his own on-the-spot concoction, and caught trout.

With the exception of one of them, our ladies had minimal fishing contact or none. "There's a new rule," someone said, letting it be known that he spoke tongue-in-cheek. "We all must catch our own trout for breakfast or dinner."

The experienced pitched in to help the inexperienced. Rods were lent and more fish-getting flies tied. Following a few moments of spin-fishing instructions, the lady with arthritis hooked a handsome, deep-colored, 12-inch native trout. She was swept up into elation; her laughter bubbled. There was no doubt it was the first fish she had ever caught. It was a poignant moment for me and more rewarding than any fish I had caught myself.

Even normally late sleepers arise early in the outdoors. At home I have often awakened with a start, not believing a bedside clock that showed 9 or 10 a.m. In contrast, afield I am always up by sunrise, usually before, no matter how late we swapped stories around the campfire.

On day two of our South Arm wil-

derness expedition, I crawled from my sleeping bag at dawn. Our chief guide had a crackling breakfast fire going, a pot of coffee in it and busily peeled potatoes and thick-sliced them into a skillet with the diameter of a rain barrel. Eager to fish, I bypassed the coffee and walked with flyrod toward a select spot. A sandhill crane gargled its strange cry, and searching for a glimpse of the bird in the mistiness, I saw a fellow fisherman. Now God and the serious fisherman know this is consistently the best time of the day to fish. But the man's rod leaned against a tree. He sniffed at the fine morning air and turned his head slowly, taking in all the sights, sounds and smells around him. Feeling as though I had acquired some special insight, I analyzed: In contrast to the arthritic lady who had come to see the wilderness and had had it perfected with a fish, this man had come to fish and had had it perfected with wilderness.

On the final morning, I chased hummingbirds through the flower-crammed meadow for pictures. I looked up from my pursuit and saw two men and five preteen boys in a pair of canoes that had been lashed together to form a single stable craft. After they had pitched their tent, one man took a boy to the shoreline and gave him spin-fishing guidance.

"I want this boy to see what true wilderness is like before it is *all* gone," he told me. □

Editor's note: For information, write Superintendent, Box 168, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming 82190.

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